

Ron Feinberg

MARY HARTMAN  
MARY HARTMAN

EPISODE #183

by

JERRY ADELMAN

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

|                                 |                |
|---------------------------------|----------------|
| MARY. . . . .                   | LOUISE LASSER  |
| MARTHA. . . . .                 | DODY GOODMAN   |
| PAT GIMBLE. . . . .             | SUSAN BROWNING |
| GARTH GIMBLE. . . . .           | MARTIN MULL    |
| LITTLE GARTH GIMBLE . . . . .   |                |
| DR. MEDWICK.. . . .             | WILL MACKENZIE |
| DETECTIVE H.V. JOHNSON. . . . . | RON FEINBERG   |

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ACT ONE

DR. MEDWICK'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

MEDWICK, SOLO, IS STANDING AT  
THE OPEN DOOR TO HIS WAITING  
ROOM.

MEDWICK

(OUT THE DOOR) Come in, Mrs. Hartman.

MARY ENTERS.

MEDWICK (CONT'D)

Sit down.

HE SITS BEHIND DESK, SHE SITS  
IN CUSTOMER'S CHAIR.

MEDWICK (CONT'D)

Well. It's nice to see you again.

How are you?

MARY

Fine. Just fine.

MEDWICK

Good.

MARY

I've just got one little problem that  
keeps me from being completely fine.

MEDWICK

Oh? What's that?

MARY

I'm miserable.



MEDWICK

I see. I assume it has something to do with your sex life?

MARY

(NODS) That's why I'm here. Because you're a sex doctor. And you really were very helpful to my sex life when you told me about how the Bible says sex is, you know, okay.

MEDWICK

I'm not sure I understand, Mrs. Hartman. You say I was very helpful in getting your sex life adjusted...

MARY

You and the Bible.

MEDWICK

But you also say you're miserable about your sex life. I'm confused.

MARY

Good. Good. That's very good. I mean that should be a help in helping us to communicate. A big help. Because I'm confused, too.

MEDWICK

Uh... yes. And what exactly seems to be the  
problem.

\*

MARY

The problem. Well, my  
problem is: do you think it's  
psychologically healthy for my husband  
to treat me like a doll?

\*

MEDWICK

A doll?

MARY

A Barbie doll. You know, the doll that  
you dress up in different clothes.  
Heather has one. Heather Hartman.

(MORE)



## MARY (CONT'D)

She's my daughter. She doesn't play with it any more. She's too old. But she used to. Play with it. She had a bathing suit for her Barbie. And a ball gown and a tennis dress and pajamas, two kinds of pajamas, lounging and sleeping, and sports clothes, and slacks and a cocktail dress.

## MEDWICK

Were you saying your husband treats you like a Barbie doll?

## MARY

Well, he's been buying clothes for me. Different kinds of clothes for a different side of me. We've been spending a lot of time lately discovering different sides of each other.

MEDWICK

But that's very healthful. It opens up  
new ways of thinking. It's mind  
expanding.

MARY

Oh, did you read that article in Readers  
Digest, too?

MEDWICK

I wrote it. \*

MARY

You wrote it? You wrote an article that \*  
was published in Readers Digest?!

MEDWICK

They've published several of my articles. \*

MARY

REally?..Really? Did you write the \*  
article about how it was okay for women  
to initiate a romantic mood. Because,  
Tom and I had an argument over that  
article and he got mad and said if I  
wanted to make love to someone, that I  
should make love to the man who wrote the  
article. (LAUGHS)

MEDWICK

That was me. \*

MARY

(SERIOUS) Tom was just joking, of course. \*



## MEDWICK

Yes. Well, the point I was trying to make is that in continuing to discover new sides of each other, you and your husband can enrich your marriage.

\*



MARY

Oh, it's getting enriched. Much more enriched. Tom has a new job and he's making a lot more money.

MEDWICK

I meant psychologically enriched. It leads you into new fields of imagination and innovation. A willingness to try new things.

\*

MARY

New sexual things?

MEDWICK

Well, yes.

MARY

I'm glad you brought that up.

I've been thinking about a new sexual thing. I mean it's really not a new sexual thing, I guess, but I never thought about it before.

MEDWICK

What is it?

MARY

Women.

MEDWICK

Women?

MARY

Women and women. Also, women and men.  
At the same time. I don't mean women  
and women and women and men at the same  
time. What I mean is in the same way.

MEDWICK

Are you by any chance referring to bi-  
sexuality? Having the same feelings for  
both sexes. Is that what you're  
referring to?

MARY

How did you know?

MEDWICK

Well, what is the problem? Are you  
developing sexual feelings for other  
women?

MARY

Me? Oh, no. Not me. It's my neighbor.  
In the trailer in my mother's driveway.

MEDWICK

She's developing sexual feelings for  
other women?

MARY

She's all through developing them.  
She's got them.



MEDWICK

Well, if that's a problem -- and I'm not conceding that it is -- but if it's a problem, it's her problem. Not yours.

MARY

I suppose you could look at it that way.

MEDWICK

But it seems to be bothering you.

MARY

Well, naturally. She lives next door to me. Of course it's my mother that lives next door to me...

MEDWICK

You mother is bi-sexual?

MARY

Oh, no. She's not even sexual. I mean her husband, who is also my father, has disappeared. Do you get the connection?

\*

MEDWICK

Mrs. Hartman, do you find this difficult to talk about?

MARY

My father disappearing? Well, it's pretty heart-breaking. But I don't find it difficult to talk about.

MEDWICK

I mean about your mother and this bi-sexual woman. Who I think you said lives next door to you.

\*

MARY

In a trailer. But it's not Ma I'm worried about. I think it's me.

\*

MEDWICK

I see. You find the fact that she's  
bisexual disturbing.

MARY

Half.

MEDWICK

Half?

MARY

Half disturbing. I'm not disturbed that  
she feels sexual about men.

MEDWICK

But her lesbian side disturbs you.

MARY

Well, it doesn't disturb me. I mean she  
doesn't, you know, disturb me.

MEDWICK

You mean she doesn't make any passes at  
you.

MARY

I didn't know that was a medical  
expression. I thought just teenagers  
and hippies talked about making passes.  
Are you sure that's a medical expression?

MEDWICK

Mrs. Hartman, may I tell you something?

MARY

What?



MEDWICK

As long as this woman doesn't try to get you to join her in her lesbian practices...

MARY

She doesn't, she doesn't. And anyway, I wouldn't. I mean, I wouldn't know what to do even if I wanted to do it. I mean: to women.

MEDWICK

Well, what I started to say: I don't think you ought to make a moral judgment against this neighbor of yours.

MARY

But it isn't moral, it's immoral, isn't it? For a woman to love another woman?

MEDWICK

No, it's not immoral.

MARY

Are you sure?

MEDWICK

One of the most beautiful passages in the Bible is from Ruth 1:16. "And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." Isn't that a lovely declaration of love?

MARY

It is beautiful. I can just see Charlton Heston saying it to Julie Andrews.

MEDWICK

Except that it was said by Ruth to Naomi.

MARY

Two women?

MEDWICK

Yes.

MARY

Then the Bible says it's all right to swing both ways?

MEDWICK

The Bible doesn't put it in those words.

MARY

No, that's the way Tom puts it.

MEDWICK

The Bible is much more open to all the possibilities of sex than most people think. Including the Fernwood police force.

MARY

Is sex against the law in Fernwood?

MEDWICK

Prostitution is. And the police are spending a lot of the taxpayer's money these days trying to break up a local prostitution ring. A large one, apparently.



MARY

It's hard to believe there are a large number of prostitutes in Fernwood.

MEDWICK

Well, this seems to be an unusual ring. According to the reports, most of the prostitutes are local housewives and mothers.

MARY

Ordinary housewives? Like me. Prostitutes?

MEDWICK

That's right.

MARY

I don't believe it.

MEDWICK

Why not?

MARY

Look. A prostitute is somebody who gets paid by a man to have sex. Right?

MEDWICK

Right.

MARY

All right. You're a man. Right? And I'm a Fernwood housewife. Right? Right. Now be sensible. (WHAT A RIDICULOUS IDEA) Would you pay money to go to bed with me?

FADE OUT.

GIMBLE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

PAT IS FOLDING SHEETS. LITTLE GARTH STANDS BY, LOOKING RUEFUL AND EMBARRASSED. MOMENT.

LITTLE GARTH

I'm sorry, Mom. You're ashamed of me, aren't you?

PAT

Oh , no, darling. Not at all. You'll get over it. Besides, some of our biggest heroes were once bed-wetters.

LITTLE GARTH

Name two.

PAT

Well, there was -- there was -- Oh, so many that I'd offend a whole bunch if I only named two!! You just mustn't feel bad. You don't do it on purpose, you know.

LITTLE GARTH

I sure don't. I just can't help it.



PAT

I know that.

LITTLE GARTH

Sometimes I try to stay awake all  
night so it won't happen. But then  
I fall asleep -- and when I wake up --  
it happened anyway.

\*

PAT

Darling, I understand. Don't fret.  
I'm sure it's just a temporary thing.  
You'll get over it.

LITTLE GARTH

But meanwhile, you have to do all that  
extra laundry. And you have to go to  
all the trouble of washing my sheets  
every single day. (FALLS BACK ON SAYING:)  
I'm sorry.

\*

PAT

Honey, it's all right. I don't mind.  
It's more than worth it to have you  
home again.

LITTLE GARTH

(BEAT) I saw an ad in the paper for  
wet-proof pajamas. Maybe I should  
get some.

PAT

(QUICKLY) No. Your father would be bound to see them and then he'd know, and he'd hit the ceiling.

LITTLE GARTH

I don't know why he can't be as understanding as you are.

PAT

It's just a matter of pride, darling. \*  
Daddy is very proud of his little man.  
He thinks of you as an extension of him -- and as it turns out he just never happened to -- you know...

LITTLE GARTH

Wet his bed. \*

PAT

Yes. Anyway, he wouldn't understand, \*  
which doesn't mean he doesn't love you.

LITTLE GARTH

15.  
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If he loves me, why couldn't he  
understand, -the way you do?

\*

PAT

Fathers are different than mothers.  
That's something you'll understand better  
when you grow up, Little Garth.

LITTLE GARTH

Aw, Mom. I asked you not to call me  
Little Garth. It makes me sound like a  
baby. Why can't you call me by my  
middle name -- Phillip.

\*

PAT

I've been meaning to ask your father if  
that would be all right. I'm just waiting  
until he's in the right mood.

GARTH ENTERS.

GARTH

(HEARTY) Hi, Little Garth. How's the  
chip off the old block this morning?

LITTLE GARTH

Fine.

GARTH

Way to go, Champ. Listen, Pat, I...  
(SEES WHAT PAT IS DOING AND DISAPPROVES)  
What's this? Changing the boy's sheets  
again? You don't have to do that every  
day. This isn't a hotel.



PAT

I don't mind doing it, Garth.

GARTH

Well, I mind your doing it. I don't want my son pampered. I don't want him turned into some kind of a mollycoddle. He's not a baby, you know.

PAT

Garth, I...

GARTH

If you're going to go on spoiling him this way, I'm shipping him back to military school right after Christmas.

PAT

I think it would be a mistake to send him back to military school, Garth.

GARTH

Is that a fact, kiddo? You think it would be a mistake. In other words, I'm wrong. That's very interesting. Would you mind telling me exactly why it would be a mistake? Maybe you can tell me something I don't know. Why would it be a mistake, kiddo?

PAT

Well, because the curriculum at military school isn't set up for his particular talents.

GARTH

(SARCASTIC) Bless my soul. I never realized you were an authority on secondary education in America. Excuse my ignorance, but just what are you talking about?

PAT

Little Garth is a mathematical genius...

GARTH

Okay, he's good at arithmetic. So?

PAT

There are better courses in mathematics at public schools than there are at that military school. It would be a shame if he didn't get to develop his talent. His genius. Do you realize the ability he has to solve complicated mathematical problems in his head?

GARTH

(SARCASTIC) Do you realize, kiddo, that those tricks are obsolete?

PAT

Obsolete?

GARTH

(TAKING SMALL CALCULATOR OUT OF HIS POCKET) And here's what made them obsolete.

(MORE)

GARTH (CONT'D)

This twenty dollar calculator can do anything with figures that that boy can do and it can do them better and faster. This is America, kiddo.

PAT

I know, Garth, but...

GARTH

(INTERRUPTS) And this calculator doesn't need clean sheets every day. (TO LITTLE GARTH) I'll bet they didn't give you clean sheets every day at military school.

LITTLE GARTH

(DYING) Well...

GARTH

Is that why you wanted to leave? Because they wouldn't baby you like your mother does? What's the matter, was it too rugged for you?

LITTLE GARTH

No, sir.

GARTH

I've got a hunch there's something going on around here that I don't know about. And my hunches are usually right. Something tells me (TO PAT)... this boy was in some kind of trouble at school and something tells me you know about it and you're not telling me.

(MORE)



GARTH (CONT'D)

Well, let's have it, kiddo. What's going on? What's the real scoop? Did he get himself into trouble at school or not?

LITTLE GARTH IS DYING. PAT  
ISN'T MUCH BETTER OFF.

PAT

Well -- yes.

GARTH

I knew it. Some day you'll learn, kiddo, that you can't put anything over on me. All right, let's have it. What kind of trouble was he in? What'd he do?

LITTLE GARTH LOOKS AT PAT  
PLEADINGLY.

PAT

(AD LIBBING DESPERATELY) Well, it had to do with a girl.

GARTH

(NOT DISPLEASED) A girl? No kidding? I didn't know Little Garth was fooling around with girls already. (TO LITTLE GARTH) What happened, fella? You get her in trouble? (SMILES)

LITTLE GARTH HAS NO IDEA HOW TO  
REPLY. PAT JUMPS IN TO RESCUE  
HIM.

PAT

No, Garth, that's not what happened. What happened was that he had a date, a date with this girl...

GARTH

Yes...

PAT

And they got into some kind of an argument.

GARTH

Uh huh...

PAT

And he hit her.

GARTH

He hit her? (TO LITTLE GARTH) You hit  
a girl?

LITTLE GARTH

Well, I didn't mean to --

GARTH

Hold it, kiddo. Just hold it right there.

A real man doesn't go around losing his  
temper with women. (TO LITTLE GARTH) You  
remember that, boy. I want you to be a  
gentleman. A gentleman at all times.

You've got to learn that resorting to  
violence with a strange woman drags you  
right down to her level. A gentleman  
maintains his position. He's born with  
a superior mentality and he can get his  
way with a woman through reason. Remember  
that. Now I've got to get to the office,  
but we'll talk more about this later.

(TO PAT) And that's the last time those  
sheets are going to be changed this week.

(EXITS)

FADE OUT.

ACT THREESHUMWAY KITCHEN - AFTERNOON X

EMPTY. MARTHA SASHAYS IN FROM THE LIVING ROOM, DRESSED THE WAY SHE THINKS A HOOKER WOULD DRESS, MOVING THE WAY SHE THINKS A HOOKER WOULD MOVE. SHE SASHAYS UP TO HER MISERABLE PLANT...

MARTHA

Did you recognize me, darling? Guess what I'm supposed to be. A hooker. You know: a prostitute? No, I guess you wouldn't know about things like that.. I mean, plants don't need prostitutes. You have the birds and the bees. Anyway, how do you think I look? Do I look sexy? Wave your little leaves a little if you think I look sexy. (SASHAYS AROUND FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PLANT. THEN:) Why, you little devil. I do believe I saw your little leaves waving. Now don't get the wrong idea. I'm not really going into the prostitute business. I hear there's a lot of money in it, but I haven't got the temperment for it.

(MORE)



MARTHA (CONT'D)

Or the figure, either, I guess. What I'm going to be, honey, is a decoy. For the police. I'm being what they call a concerned citizen. I'm going to help the police break up that prostitution ring.

Prostitution rings are very immoral.

SFX: KNOCK ON DOOR

MARTHA OPENS DOOR, ADMITTING  
DET. H.V. JOHNSON. AT THE SIGHT  
OF MARTHA, HIS EYES WIDEN AND  
HE EMITS A WOLF WHISTLE.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

How do I look?

JOHNSON

I just told you.

MARTHA

Oh. Well, then, thank you. I guess. I guess it's a compliment if somebody thinks you look like a hooker.

JOHNSON

You look great.

MARTHA

Do you really think I'll be able to help the police?

JOHNSON

Absolutely.

MARTHA

I'm a little nervous, H.V.

JOHNSON

There's nothing to be nervous about,  
Martha. A police car will have you under  
surveillance at all times.

MARTHA

I know that. I'm nervous because I'm not  
sure I'll be able to act like a real  
hooker.

JOHNSON

Well, let's rehearse a little bit. Make  
believe you're standing on a street  
corner and I walk by and you think I look  
like a potential customer.

MARTHA

Oh, you don't look like that kind of a  
man. You don't look depraved at all.

JOHNSON

Just make believe I do.

MARTHA

All right. (TAKES WHAT SHE THINKS IS A  
HUSTLER'S POSE) Here I am, standing on  
a street corner.

H.V. STARTS TO WALK BY HER BUT  
STOPS AS MARTHA SPEAKS. USING  
HER HOOKER INFLECTION, HEREAFTER  
DESIGNATED AS H.I.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(H.I.) Hi, there, big boy. You wanna  
have a little fun?

JOHNSON

What've you got in mind?

MARTHA

(H.I.) Ooh la la.

JOHNSON

I think I know what you mean. How much is this going to cost me?

MARTHA

(H.I.) How about five dollars?

JOHNSON

No, Martha. It's fifty dollars.

MARTHA

Fifty dollars?

JOHNSON

That's the going rate.

MARTHA

I guess there's inflation in the prostitute business, too.

JOHNSON

Sure. Well, let's get back to the rehearsal... How much is this going to cost me?

MARTHA

(H.I.) Fifty dollars.

JOHNSON

Okay. Where's your place?

MARTHA

(H.I.) Right around the corner.

JOHNSON

Good.



MARTHA

(H.I.) Let's go, big boy.

JOHNSON

How about a little kiss first?

MARTHA

(H.I.) Sorry, big boy. No free samples.

JOHNSON

Aw, come on.

MARTHA

What am I supposed to do now?

JOHNSON

Stall for time. Keep him there 'til  
the police car pulls up.

MARTHA

Oh. (H.I.) Okay, big boy. You can  
have a kiss. But just one. And just  
a little one.

H.V. PUTS HIS ARMS AROUND HER  
AND KISSES HER AND KEEPS KISSING  
HER.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

(BREAKING OFF THE EMBRACE. H.I.) I said  
just a little one, big boy.

JOHNSON

(WORKED UP) I'm not rehearsing now,  
Martha. This is for real.

MARTHA

You mean you're kissing the real me?

JOHNSON

Your real, warm, sexy self.

MARTHA

You shouldn't talk to me like that.

JOHNSON

Why not?

MARTHA

It makes me feel like my real, warm, sexy self.

JOHNSON

Oh, Martha.

MARTHA

Oh, H.V.

THEY FALL INTO A PASSIONATE EMBRACE  
AND KISS. IN THE HOT MIDST OF WHICH  
MARY COMES OVER.

MARY

Hi, Ma. Hi, H.V. I see you're still  
rehearsing that rape scene for the  
police training film.

MARTHA AND H.V. HAVE BROKEN  
GUILTILY APART.

MARY (CONT'D)

But if I was the director, Ma, I wouldn't  
let you wear that costume. You know what  
you look like? You look like a hooker.

MARTHA

That's what I'm supposed to look like.

MARY

Ma, I don't know anything about making movies. Especially police training films. But I'm an expert audience. I've had a lot of experience. As an audience. I'll bet I've seen over a thousand movies in my life. Some, five times on television. Even if they cut out part of them for commercials, they're still movies. And believe me as an expert audience, if you're going to be raped as an actress and you want the audience to be sympathetic, you shouldn't look like a prostitute. (TO H.V.) Am I right?

JOHNSON

I'm afraid you don't understand.

MARY

There's nothing to understand. In the first place, a prostitute can't be raped.

MARTHA

Why not?



MARY

Because she gets paid. If she gets paid  
it's not rape.

MARTHA

What is it?

MARY

How should I know? I'm not a prostitute.  
When I discussed making movies with Gore  
Vidal, he never asked me questions like  
that. All I know is that a rape victim  
does not get paid.

JOHNSON

Mrs. Hartman, I don't mean to be impolite  
but I wonder if you and your mother could  
discuss this later. I'm anxious to get  
on with our rehearsal. Very anxious.

MARY

All right. I'll go. (GOES TO DOOR, STOPS,  
TURNS) But just remember that, Ma. A  
rape victim does not get paid.

MARY EXITS. MARTHA AND H.V.  
TURN TO EACH OTHER, READY TO  
FALL INTO ANOTHER PASSIONATE  
EMBRACE. BUT MARY RE-ENTERS  
IMMEDIATELY.

MARY (CONT'D)

Except sometimes in clothes. Very, very  
unbecoming clothes.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE #183